

1/5/53

11:30 P.M.

Hi Doll,

What is it with this younger generation? Today yet I'm a big deal, and a kid. RE: your letter dated 22 April 1953. Say is that a bunch of squares in that town or a load of hep cats? If you read me, Cat, square off some pulp wood with a little India. Better wise up the community, though, because I hear there's a cannibal up that way eating 3 squares a day. Dig me? Cool your heels, Frankie and let's gum ten.

I'm afraid I've got spring fever myself. For about the last 2 weeks I haven't done one doggoned thing except sleep + eat. Somebody's going to be catching with me very shortly, I'm afraid.

Tomorrow I'm taking off at 7:15 AM and driving back to the IX Corps. Artillery School, just to do a little

fooling around. The warrant officer has to go~~tt~~ back and pay some of the boys from the battery, so I've elected myself to drive him.

I'm certainly glad you dug around in your scrap book. ~~The thing~~ I enjoy immensely is pictures. Seem to make the day much brighter.

Keep away from the Armed Services. Nothing good can come of it.

Heck, yes we eat all those things I mentioned. In fact once in a while we have grilled worms and broiled grubs. The worms taste just like hot dogs. Really good, but I don't care too much for the grubs. Kind of a mushy mess.

Last nite Joe was supposed to attack, but I guess he thought better of it, after a few Corps. T.O.T.'s were thrown out. Guess he didn't feel like having his teeth knocked out in battery formation.

I've gotta leave Love Larkie

TRANSCRIPT

[No envelope]

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Hi Doll,

What is it with this younger generation? Today yet I'm a big deal, and a kid. RE: Your letter dated 22 April 1953. Say is that a bunch of squares in that town or a load of hep cats¹? If you read me, cat, square off some pulp wood with a little India. Better wise up the community, though, because I hear there's a commander up that way eating 3 squares a day. Dig me? Cool your heels, Frankie and let's gum ten.

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Keck, yes we eat all those things I mentioned. In fact once in a while we have grilled worms and broiled grubs. The worms taste just like hot dogs. Really good, but don't care too much for the grubs. Kind of a mushy mess.

Last *nite* Joe was supposed to attack, but I guess he thought better of it, after a few Corps. T.O.T.'s² were thrown out. Guess he didn't feel like having his teeth knocked out in battery formation.

I've gotta leave.

Love,
Frankie

¹ Hep cat: slang for who is trendy and in the know.

² T.O.T.: Time on Target. This is an artillery attack planned for shells to all impact simultaneously.